

AN
ANNIVERSARY
ODE,

UPON
The Kings Birth-day. *May 29.*

written for this Yeare 1654. being his 24 Yeare.

To his Majesty.



H A G U E,

Printed for *Samuel Browne*, 1654.

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ODE

UPON

The Kings birth day, 1673.

written by the Learned Mr. John Milton.

LONDON

M. A. G. W.

Printed for Samuel Dunne, 1673.

An Anniversarie Ode,
 Upon the Kings Birth-day, *May 29.*

written for this Yeere 1654. being his 24. Yeere.

To his Majesty.

(I)

THe day ennobled by your royall Birth

Is now againe returnd,

But not so bright as when to her our fumes first burn'd:

A smile so pleasant dimples not the Earth,

Nor cast the flowers such fragor forth:

Nor shines the Sun so cleare, but hides his Ryes as if he mournd.

A 2

The

[4]

(I I)

The winged *Chorus* warbles not a Song
With sweetness crown'd and Art,
But lame and wrinkled, such as wants the chiefest part.
Sweet *Philomela's* throat is yet unstrung:
Nor doe the Nymphes yet dance along
The Plains, but sigh, alas they want the master of their sport.

(I I I)

And that is you, Great Sir, their joynts are numb
Lesse them your eyes inflame.
The Birds delight to sing no accent but your Name,
And daring not, are either hoarse or dumb.
The Sun wants light too til you come,
For it is you must make our day, & not his sickly beam.

Arise

(IV)

Arise Great Planet then in your own Sphear,

And our Devotions daign

To celebrat your rise, Their powrs each quire shal strain

For acclamations to salute your care.

The Sun shall put on lookes most clear

Not with you to vie lustre, but shew how much yours his stain.

(V)

Nymphs to your name shall measure many a round,

Upon the flowry green;

And earth, by influence of your eyes, be gay agen,

And every where with fragrant Roses crownd,

Which now droop on their stalkes frost bound,

And being your flowers, care by no eyes but yours to bee seene.

Soon,

(VI)

Soon, with good Omens, dawne that happy day
 Wherin your royall seat
 Glad we shall with your sacred lustre see repleat.
 Then to the Pomp each eye glad teares shall pay,
 Prayers each pious heart, and say
 Long may dread CHARLES, your Presence make your Brittaines truly great.

(VII)

Till that day comes to th' joy of Earth and Heaven,
 (For come it surely will,
 If Justice has her sword, and equall Ballance still;
 Or if to Muses to see ought tis given)
 Think these dire foggs which shall be driven
 Fore you, but sent to try how thē your virtue can dispel.
 Affliction

(VIII)

affliction is the best of Schooles, and gives

Lustre to happinesse.

You are a mine of Gold, thinke each year of distresse

Another hear, by which *you* onely drives

You to refine, till he atchives

Your worth fit for the height he meanes you, then his little lesse.

(IX)

As doth the Sun by an Eclipse in deare

Himselfe in our esteem:

So shall you brighter rise with a triumphant beame

After so many and so darke a yeare.

And long shine in your Native Sphear,

Whilst farthest seas shal hardly bound your power, or stars your fame

Good

(X)

Good, by its want is knowne: then dearly may
 Your People after warres
 Prize you & peace like Jems long lost, & double cares
 With duty their late error to repay.
 Be their joy many a geniall day,
 The late, with Palms & Lawrels crown'd, ascēd the Throne of stars.

FINIS.

